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# DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

The COALMAN and his SON.

TOGETHER WITH THE

TOWN-GURD,

In Two ACTS.

As it was Acted at EDINBURGH in St.  
ANDREW's Lodge.



*Licensed and Entered according to Order.*

## ACT I. SCENE I.

A View of the Street.

*Enter the Coal-man and his Son.*

**SON.** Whistling Jonny Caupe, are you waking yet.

**Father.** Wynd, wynd, hap again fir; deil's i' the cheeld, he'll tak awa' the cheek o' the turn-pike, can ye keep the crown o' the casso, and be curs't t' ye.

**Son.** What can I help it father, what can I help it.

**Father.** What can ye help it, ye driten bitch, that ye're; can ye cast a squint eye to ringle ey'd Tammie fir.

**Son.** So I am father, so I am.

**Father.** Ca' up the shairny tail'd Mare there, do ye hear laddie; was ye down in Lucky Buncles th' day?

**Son.** I was a' father, I was a'.

**Father.** Well laddie, didin she cast a rough bane, in y're teeth, or the cheek of a fatters clod?

**Son.** No father, no, deil a bit she offer'd me.

**Father.** Did she spear the price o' the coals laddie?

**Son.** Yes did she father, ay did she.

**Father.** Well, what deil was her boad, can ye speak out fir?

**Son.** She bade me aught-pence.

**Father.** Aught-pence! Aught deils to draw her to hell bee th' hair o' the head; O'd I fancy she thinks I stale them, wha' deils she mockin thinks she, does she think I'm either a sybo-head, or an onion tail, and be curs't till her, the bitch.

**Son.** I tell'd her father, tak them, or want them,



mistress, just a ten-pence tak them, or want them.

*Father.* O'd they just cost me seven-pence, before they came aff Gilmerton coal-hill, that did they, besides a bap to you at Brisse Port fir.

*Father.* What the deil did ye nae sey to tip the magot lead on her fir.

*Son.* I was wanting to de that father, but we said they were magot; magot said I! there's nae mair magot's about them, nor what's about ye're auld arse ye bitch; wha' deil do ye mock think ye, when their good Gilmerton parrot.

*Father.* O'd the laddie has some sense for that tho': what t' deil, I think ye're cloven fitted, where deil hae ye steal'd them—I fancy ye've tane 'em aff a' Willie Meekifons stand; I see they're a' pair o' Fish-market an's, what deil I think the cal-lants turn corporate, what deil's made ye syck a' kyte ye dryten bitch that ye're.

*Son.* I'm sure a' dinna get nathing fra yon, to mak me sae fat.

*Father.* What fir de ye tell me that, when I gae ye a Pease-bannock before ye came frae hame this morning; besides a bap an' a mutchkin o' ale to ye, at May-field-loan fir: what deil wad ye hae ye're sel to be a glutton fir, wad ye.

*Son.* Am sure I got nae mair a' day, yesterday when I was at Loan-head coal, but a pease-bannock till a' came hame at night; but ye, when ye sit down the deil canna raise ye; and there ye'll come hame as fu' as the baltick threshing us, like auld Bassy, that was shot to dead last winter.

*Father.* Is that a' the reverence ye gie to ye're father fir? O'd if I gie ye sic á whithekin, I'se gare ye're jaw banes ring, like the clat'ring banes of an auld chair-man's lanthorn; deil nor ye're mither had snapit the head aff ye, for my share.

*Son.* Am sure its very true father, when ye was down the Barbars a Neiddry's-wind, ye was like to fell me, because ye fell aff the caat, and gae me the wyte o't.

*Father.* What deil will ye provoke me yet fir? o'd if I ge ye sic a whithrekin, a'll gare the red ink come o'er ye're cannapy; I fancy you think ye're speaking to ye're Whey-bearded monkies like ye're fel. O'd, as I was coming in at Bristo-port wi' him, whare we saw a mistress and her cat, sitting in the winnock. Sae I asked him whether he wade hae the auld yane, or the young yane; and he said, the young yane: deil's i'the dryten bitch, he wad tak the young yane, and fill Gilmerton town fu' o' kittlen; that's a' the sence that he has in his brain! Dae ye hear laddie? Was ye down at the sign o' the meal firlot, ye ken where ye gat the girdle-farles?

*Son.* I was there father; an' I tipt the magot lead on her, tho' besides I gat baith a piece an' a drink frae her, besides a babee for maggs.

*Father.* Do ye hear laddie? ye maun gang down to Mrs—od keep me, has my memery escappt me already firs: Ay, ay, Mrs Jamison's down the Town, the first turnpike abun the Neither Bowport, an' first door o' the stair; and there ye maun chap gently, for thir's a brafs nocker on th' door.

*Son.* I'll chap wi' my fite father, I'll chap wi' my fite.

*Father.* Chap wi' your fite, ye dryten bitch that ye're; whatfore wad i' chap wi' ye're fite fir? do ye ken it's a grand-houte lad, and when th' servant lads comes to th' door you maun let a grand scrap, an' ca' her madam at every word; o'd lad she'll cast a rough bane in ye're, teeth, or else a prime saute herron for I ken she keeps primmers.

*Son.*  
*Father.*  
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*Son.*  
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*Son.* I sell a' father, I sell a'.

*Father.* And when the lady comes ye maun say, O madam, here's a prime lead for you the day! an' if she ask the price o' them: just a ten-pence tak them or want them: but ye maun hear her bode tho'; if she say they're magot, a deil a e' magot bit's in them! for they're as fu' as ony nine pea-cod in a the country;—(haste ye an' gang awa' laddie,) an' mind ye're maggs fir.

*Son.* A'll do sae father, a'll do sae.

*Father.* Ca' awa' the beasts their laddie, an' care o' ringle ey'd Tammie, an' cast a squint eye till him, or faith he'll bring us into a pretty priminary, as he did the tither day.

## ACT II. SCENE II.

### *A View of the City Guard.*

*Serjeant.* **H**urry out Duucan, cods mercy they're precking down the town of Edinburgh's Clob.

*First Soldier.* Got damn you sur, fat you pe preck te glib for, a.

*Coalman.* What deil's you're quarrel billies, what's you're qual?

*Second Sold.* Our quarrel shir, no matter to you what's our quarrel but you must come awa' to the City Guard, by my Lord Provost's orders, for precking down the clob.

*Coalman.* What deil, are the nae redemption, we can tak up the clob, what are ye makin sic a wark about min'.

*Second Sold.* You stup't prute tat ye're, it's fa'n down tair 'pon te plain stains, and proken a' te pieces.

*Coalman.* Ods mercy its venish't, whare deil's come o't; do ye think am gaun te pay for the thing I did nae see; an be curst te-ye, what t, deil did to' beast strick at it willingly, did it

*Soldier.* Got damn her Bloods, wha deil dno you mock, eugh—put him awa Duncan MacCalpin ye prute tat ye're.

*Coalman.* What do ye want, ye percal a scad like scoundrels it ye're? bring ye're Justice here and be curst to ye fir, am no oblig'd to gang to you're Justice fir.

*Second Sold.* Shuffice here, or shuffice there you most gang too the City Gaurd, upon any account.

*Coalman.* No fir, no, a'll no gang my tae len't wi' ony o' ye fir.

*Second Sold.* Come, come, and mak nae mair words about it; for that's our order fir, till tak you awa' to the City Guard.

*Coalman.* Bring your order here fir? wha' deil's oblig'd to gang to your justice, bring him here fir an' a'll vindicate the thing wi' him afore you; wha deil mair can I do fir, are ye gan't prison foll faulstly, am I a thief or a robber.

*Corporal.* Deil eat you, ye pruits that ye are and spue you behint the ain rey I wat; come tak him awa', fat needs you had up sae meikle tongue wi' him? put him into the wester hole.

*Coalman.* Let me alone fir, an' a'll gang peaceably wi' ye: O gin I had ye out o'er at the Whin-mill, I sude let you see, whither my whip shaft or ye're ribs wode be hardest.

*Soldier.* Cule your couits tere.

*Andrew with his Soure-milk Horse and Barrels,  
coming to the Tron.*

*Coalman.* **H**Y, Andrew will ye rae speak til  
pöor folk man?

*Andrew.* Wow Rab! is that you man? what  
deil's brought you there, I think ye're cadg'd?

*Coalman.* Cadg'd, ye dryten bitch that ye're;  
am no cadg'd, but am stan'shald.

*Andrew.* Can ye come out man, can ye come out?

*Coalman.* Deil's o' the dryten bitch, how can I  
come out, when they've plac'd double sentries on  
me wi' Lochaber-guns and cleeks at them; they'll  
oon catch ye before ye'd win far frae them. O  
man! do'ye see my Horse there, what's he doing  
man, wat ye?

*Andrew.* He's ty'd till a Cannon.

*Coalman.* What te deil are they gaun till shot  
him! O man do'ye ken if our Meg be at the  
Tron the day? they tell me she's in wi' the shair-  
y tail'd mare; if ye wad tell her to gang to Cap-  
tain C——s, and see if he'll be bail for me, for  
we serve them wi' coals.

*Andrew.* A'll do fae Rab man, am very wae to  
see ye there man, what will be the price o't wat  
e?

*Coalman.* They tell me it'll be a red ha'f  
pinney.

*Andrew.* Fare ye well Rab; an the deil speed  
he death o't, faith a' wish I may never ken what  
he price o't is.

At last Andrew Wag's aff with his Souremilk  
Horse and Barrels, runs and leaves the Coalman  
ot in the best humour; and for hurry to be out of

the town, they frightened his horse, and away he fronted, like a mad man an a daft horse; up by a Ging-bread wife's door, and down the west-bow, off goes one Barrel amongst a wife's Pegs, and the other on a Salt wife's head and knocked her on her hipps: Andrew still runniug after his four-milk horse (cry'ng deils i'the beast, I lost my barrels) fell at the corn market and broke his nose on a Glasgow cart; and went out of the town with a dy'd face, the horse and him directed their race to Calder, but was never seen in Edinburgh since.

### A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**T**HE honest honourable, vulgarian Company of Coal-drivers; here, offers a reward of twenty carts, for any person who shall apprehend the Author of this Book, and secure him in the clutches of Duncan Mac Calpin: who will elegantly Entertain him, with ten days in the Water hole; for the pollution of his Name, and the frequent Alarms given by the merry boys passing the Guard door, crying, *Harry out Duncan Mac Calpin, hurry out, they're preking te Glibs.* The Printer likewise offers one thousand copies of the said Book, (on certain other conditions) than bring him the Auhtor, as he wants another of the same, or many such: for it had never been done within his door, had it not been for the sake of silver. As Coalman is not to be mocked, especially in cold weather: neither ought the Name of a Soldier to be taken in vain.

N. B. *In a few days will be Published a young Coalman's Courtship to a Creelwife's Daughter, &c.*

